

The Skyscraper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

CHAPTER XXXIII

However, I talked it over with her. I said I'd engage passage for the two of us, and we would sail. Then she suggested having a little divorce party at the Club New York. She always was doing brazen things in the belief they were picturesque. The husband consented to come. Not so much for the sake of his wife, I imagine, but because he had heard possibly that I was paying attention to his finances.

First I got the Major up to the house, however. Then as soon as I made sure he was asleep I went out through the adjoining apartment. The Russian was still up, and I explained that there was a woman below waiting for me, and I didn't want to see her. I got down into the street and called for Mrs. Edison.

We had a perfectly safe time at the club, and then I drove Mrs. Edison to her hotel, and left her there. I went back by the other apartment. I sneaked into my own apartment and took the Major's gun. Then, under the pretense of discussing a new development on the diamond, I got to talking with the Russian. While he was completely off his guard I shot him.

Inspector Marx reminds me about Mrs. Edison. Yes, I used her, too, in my scheme. I wanted her to absolutely clinch the fact that I had been murdered, and I conceived the plan of having her come up to the apartment.

I told her, of course, that I would only disappear. I dilated at great length to her of my suspicions of the Russian, and told her I had arranged a fake murder, and she must help me.

I figured, when she found out that I was actually murdered, her grief would convince the final skeptic that I was really dead. Inspector Marx's face seems contemptuous as I dictate this.

But when a man contemplates murder, he does not stop at trifles. I realized I had a tremendously dangerous undertaking on my hands. I had to do the job thoroughly and painstakingly or not at all.

And the fact remains that in the entire course of the inquiry, as much as I could follow at least, there was never a hint that I was alive; that the murdered man was a Russian. At least credit will be given me for the success of my plans.

Now I come to the events after the murder, after I had shot the Russian as planned and I was convinced he was dead.

I owed the Major some money and paid him. He signed a receipt for the money. I then conceived the idea of erasing his name—so that all that remained would be "Paid in Full." This I designed to be the first clue to my supposed murderer.

What followed was ticklish business, and repulsive. I hadn't bargained for it but it had to be done. I put my wig on his head and dragged him to the living room, where the Major slept soundly. I placed the body in the chair, facing the mirror.

Then, holding my breath for fear the Major would wake up, I put the gun back where I had found it, and sneaked back to the adjoining apartment.

From that moment Oliver Sewell was dead, and the apartment no longer mine.

I had the diamond.

Meanwhile, I decided to stay in the next apartment and watch developments carefully. I knew I was safe. I merely wanted to make sure my plans went well. I had already decided to sail in two weeks.

The police came. I listened to them whenever I could, and I laughed at their simplicity. How excited they got when the most preposterous clues were advanced. But then it's not my task to criticize the police. I flatter myself I managed to puzzle them considerably.

Now I had a Russian butler in my employ. I had a vague suspicion that he was after something—perhaps the diamond—but since he was a fool, and an excellent butler, I never worried much about him. There I was wrong.

One day when I had gone out of my new apartment into the old one, the police came suddenly. I was forced to hide in the kitchen. As luck would have it, the butler came and started at me. He was about to shout out. I always carried a revolver with me, and before I knew what I was doing, I shot him. Then I made my way into the corridor, while the police were searching the kitchen, and I remained securely hidden in the next apartment.

Young Edison was in the apartment at the time, and from what I could overhear, he was suspected of having shot the butler. This relieved me considerably. This second and unpremeditated murder shook my nerves. I determined to get away.

But I had to wait until the police cooled down a bit. And while I waited, I thought the best joke of all would be to get the Major's niece up to the apartment, and in the guise of a friend make love to her. So I wrote her a letter and deposited it in the apartment chute, saying that she would learn something that would help Mr. Edison if she came. Unfortunately although the girl came, the police were there, too, and sent her home. I suppose it was a foolhardy thing to do, but I felt very safe, somehow.

For I was keeping tabs on the inquiry. My plans seemed to be working out better than I expected.

One thing went wrong. The Major woke up too soon and escaped before the alarm was given. I understand he threw away the gun I used. He was always lucky. I thought I had him, but luck was with him.

However, I didn't worry much. I had no doubt that Oliver Sewell was murdered; I had the diamond; all I had to do was to take possession of it.

age to Europe. There are places one can go to in New York and obtain passports. This I did and I sailed as Mr. Slater and kept sedulously to my cabin.

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handle around here. Say! Have you got that diamond?"

"What if I have?"

"By God, that's right," Marx exclaimed. "It's yours as much as any one else's."

"The diamond is going back to Russia, where it belongs," said the girl. "It has brought nothing but misfortune. I want nothing of it. My friends took that diamond from you today, Mr. Sewell. And I took that from them, and I shall bring it to Russia and leave it at the Kremlin."

Sewell paid no attention to her. "You and that diamond have ruined my life," the girl said. Sewell shrugged his shoulders. "You deny it?" she blazed. "I'll admit it," he sighed wearily. "I've been admitting a lot of things tonight. Leave me in peace."

The girl's eyes were angry, with hatred. She reached into her hand-bag. Marx, tense, sought to spring at her. But she snatched the revolver, and waved at Marx. Sewell stood up. There seemed to be, instead of fear, new hope in his eyes.

"Stand still!" the girl hissed. "The telephone," she snapped at Sewell.

"Good girl," Sewell chuckled at her as he proceeded to disconnect the telephone with a pocket knife. "Now tie them up!" she commanded. "The detective first, and then that fool of a doctor."

"Sorry to do this to you," Sewell laughed as he bound Marx's hands, "but this is my last chance. And she took you in for sure, didn't she?"

Marx could only grunt in rage.

It was a matter of a moment before Marx and the doctor were bound to the bedsides. Their towels were stuffed into their mouths as gags. The girl gave orders crisply, overlooking nothing. "Everything prepared," she told Sewell. "Everything, hurry!"

"Ready," said Sewell, and he smiled at Marx grimly. "Sorry to cheat you out of a capture, but you understand how it is."

(To be concluded tomorrow)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

The Shadow Children Explore A Straw Forest

"Look at what I've found!" cried Knarf one day.

Mij, Flor, Hand and Yam—the other little shadow-children with the turned-about names—hurried over to him.

"It's a straw forest!" he exclaimed. They approached it very closely, for they were as small as pins; you see, it certainly looked like a straw forest. There seemed to be hundreds of straw trunks rising up.

"Let's climb up," suggested Mij.

Knarf, Hand and Flor agreed at once. Yam held back.

"I'd rather not," she said. "Why not?" demanded Knarf. "Just because."

"Just because what?"

"Just because I don't want to," "Humph!" said Knarf. "That's no reason."

But Yam was not to be convinced. She sat herself down just outside the forest and decided to watch. The others started to climb up. This turned out to be a good deal more difficult than it only exceedingly smooth, but they hadn't a single branch or twig all the way to the top. Moreover, they all grew closer and closer together the higher up they went, so that the shadows had all they could do to force their way through them.

"You'd better come down and watch," Yam called up to them.

"If we all came down and watched," said Knarf, "who would there be to watch?"

Yam shook her head. "You'd better come down anyway," she said.

However, by dint of squeezing and squirming they managed to get through to the top of the straw forest. The tops of the trunks were all bundled together. Out of the center rose a tall wooden trunk. It was much, much taller than the straw trunks. They could just about make out the top of it. Like

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Scales A Necessity in the Kitchen

If you believe in using measuring spoons and cups in your cooking you will find scales equally essential. It's an indispensable item to dependable results and methodical housekeeping. No longer is it an expensive item for you can get good scales for a small sum, and, literally, they don't wear out. Only rough treatment will break scales. A dozen times a day scales come in handy in the active household. For the kitchen one of the small ones registering up to 25 pounds is adequate. First it's useful for measuring quantities. Very often a recipe that you're interested in trying will give the items in ounces instead of in terms of spoonfuls or cups. Flaky substances, like coconut, for instance, are elusive to measure by the spoon or cup because they fluff or pack

down, as you will. For accurate results they must be weighed.

And if you plan any preserving a scales will be a first aid in getting successful results. Most recipes call for pounds of fruit measuring. When you put up ketchups or chutneys it's better to weigh than to count such items as tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers, etc. They differ in size, and a dozen tomatoes may be two or three or six pounds—and that fact will make a large difference in the quantity of seasonings to be added.

Frequently your own scales can be useful to check up on the inevitable errors that occur in various shops. Short weight may be accidental or otherwise, but with a household scales to check up on, however there's no need for doubt or argument—you can find out quickly which are the most reliable shops where mistakes are not habitual.



"Let's climb up," suggested Mij.

"Move!" exclaimed the others.

"Yes," said Knarf. "Sometimes it just sweeps along like a—"

At this moment a very strange thing happened. Something took hold of the top of the tall wooden branch and the whole straw forest swept from side to side. The air filled with dust. The poor shadows could hold on no longer and they fell.

"I told you not to do it," cried Yam. They earnestly wished they had listened to her as they flew helter-skelter. All at once, however, the forest turned and made directly for Yam. She fled. It was too late. It caught her and swept her out of the window in a cloud of dust—for it was only a broom, you see, and didn't know any better.

THEFT OF BONDS IS SUBJECT OF PROBE

NEWARK, N. J., July 11 — (AP)—The theft of bonds and securities valued at \$150,000 from the offices of the law firm of Pitney, Hardin & Skinner on June 26, was announced today with the receipt of a report from police of Cleveland, Ohio, that a young woman was arrested after selling \$13,000 worth of the securities.

CLEVELAND, July 11—(AP)—Investigating the sale of \$13,000 worth of stolen securities, part of the loot of a \$150,000 robbery at Newark, N. J., police tonight held for question a woman who gave the name of Grace Brooks, of Cleveland. They said she admitted selling the securities but had not known they were stolen and that they had been given to her for sale of commission by a man whose identity police do not disclose.

No charge has been filed against Miss Brooks.

"Paul Bunyan" Author to Lead Feature Writer

SEATTLE, Wash., July 11 — (AP)—James Stevens, author of "Paul Bunyan" a history of the deeds of the legendary hero of northwest loggers, and Mrs. Theresa Fitzgerald, former newspaper feature writer, are to be married here tomorrow by the Rev. J. D. O. Powers.

Stevens met Mrs. Fitzgerald last September when she interviewed him upon his return from a tour of South America.

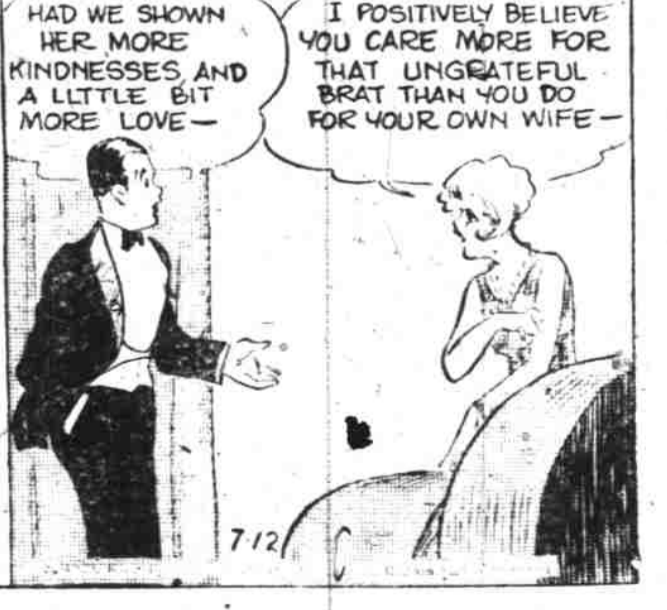
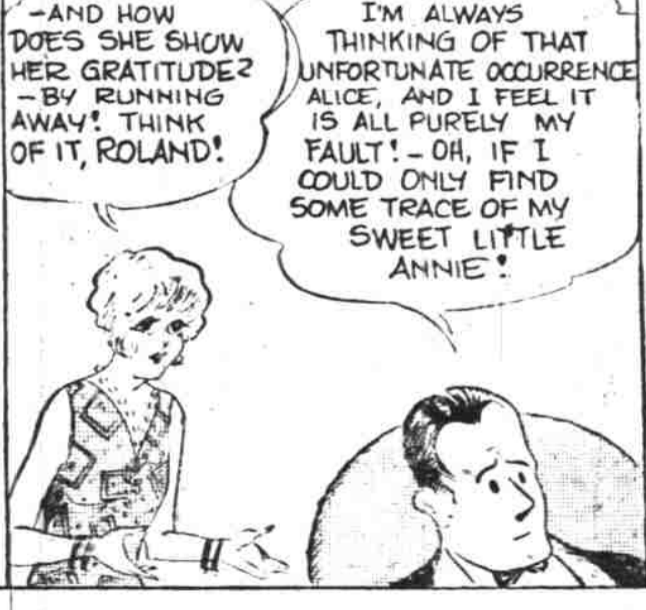
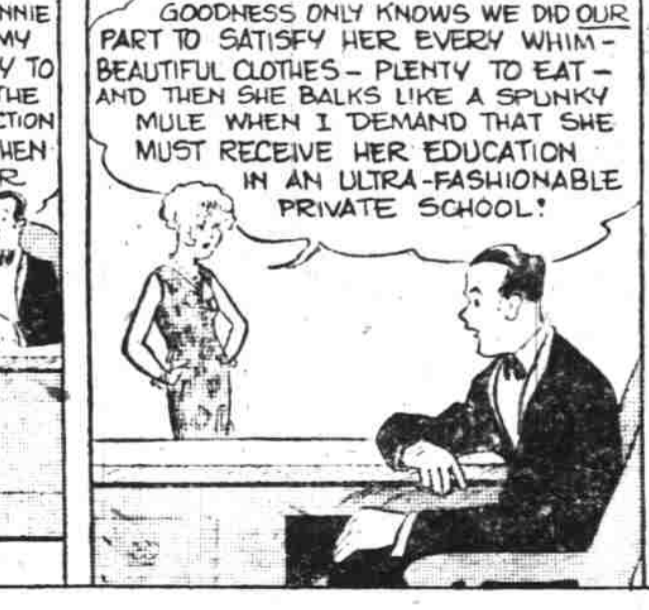
POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



BODY POISONS HASTEN THE EVIDENCE OF AGE

Keep "Organs of Elimination" Functioning Properly and You Can Look Forward to Many Decades of Vigorous Life, Says Dr. Copeland.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

WHEN the word poison is mentioned, we think of carbolic acid or corrosive sublimate. If not one of these, it may be Prussic acid. Everybody is afraid of a bottle if its label carries a skull and cross-bones.

But when one person is harmed by one of these, a thousand, perhaps ten thousand are more or less seriously harmed by poisons we rarely hear mentioned. These evil effects come from substances produced by the body itself.

Fortunately for us there are certain organs whose chief function is to get rid of these dangerous products. The kidneys, the intestines, the liver and the skin, when they are normal in their operations, carry away these evil things. They filter out of the blood and separate from the intake the system those substances which might harm us.

These are what we call the "organs of elimination." When all of them function as they should, we continue in good health. We stay young and active. We have energy and the ability to express it.

In a sense, old age is due to the effect of body poisons. Failure to eliminate these harmful substances results in certain tissue changes. The sum total of these changes is that physical state we regard as the evidence of age.

There is an old saying, frequently used by many persons. It is that common greeting, "How is your liver?"

Perhaps we might as well ask: "How old are you?" or "How old do you feel?"

Of course, old age is not a state of mind. But you might as well be old as to feel old all the time. The desirable thing is to feel young and to act young because you really feel that way.

If you wake up with a headache, with a stiff back and a couple of stiff joints it is probably because you have been poisoned. Of course, but just enough affected to feel mean.

You are sure to have this experience often if your organs of elimination fail to do their duty. You are certain to be miserable if the poisons are produced in quantities too large to be handled by the eliminative organs.



DR. COPELAND

- Answers to Health Queries**
- Record. Q.—What can be done for a hammer toe?
- A.—An operation is the only cure for such a malformation of the toe.
- M. L. G. Q.—How can I gain weight?
- A.—Eat plenty of good nourishing food, including milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables. Make sure that the bowels eliminate properly.
- A.—Avoid shaving against the grain.
- 2.—Correct the diet by cutting down on sugar, starches, coffee and tea. Avoid constipation.
- R. D. Q.—How can I reduce?
- A.—Weight reduction is merely a matter of self-control as regards the diet. Exercise is, of course, essential.
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